

Please Remember Me

by Kari

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Summary: Qui-Gon tells Obi-Wan all the things he should have said.
(NON-slash)

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Disclaimer: Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan belong to George Lucas. I just like to play with them. (No pun intended.)

"Dante's Prayer" belongs to Loreena McKennitt. It's from the CD "The Book of Secrets." It's a very beautiful song and a very beautiful CD--I highly recommend it. FYI: The song also goes great with TITANIC stories. I actually made a TITANIC video with this song. It worked out wonderfully, but when I came up with this fanfic idea, I realized that this song also goes great with this story. ;-)

Summary: Lots of fluff and sap and emotion. That's my thang. Maybe one day I'll actually write something with a plot. Well, basically, it's all the things that Qui-Gon should have told Obi-Wan. I wrote this because I really love the idea of a close father-son relationship between the two of them.

Enjoy, and be sure to review it. Thanx.

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"And I'd give up forever to touch you, 'cause I know that you feel me somehow. You're the closest to heaven that I'll ever be, and I don't wanna go home right now . . . " --from "Iris" by the GooGoo Dolls, off the "City of Angels" soundtrack

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"Dante's Prayer" by Loreena McKennitt:

When the dark wood fell before me * And all the paths were overgrown
*

When the priests of pride say there is no other way * I tilled the
sorrows of stone.

I did not believe because I could not see * though you came to me in
the night * When the dawn seemed forever lost * You showed me your
love in the light of the stars.

Cast your eyes on the ocean * Cast your soul to the sea * When the
dark night seems endless * Please remember me.

Then the mountain rose before me * By the deep well of desire * From
the fountain of forgiveness * Beyond the ice and the fire.

Cast your eyes on the ocean * Cast your soul to the sea * When the
dark night seems endless * Please remember me.

Though we share this humble path, alone * How fragile is the heart *
Oh give these clay feet wings to fly * To touch the face of the
stars.

Breathe life into this humble heart * Lift this mortal veil of fear *
Take these crumbled hopes, etched with tears * We'll rise above these
earthly cares.

Cast your eyes on the ocean * Cast your soul to the sea * When the
dark night seems endless * Please remember me * Please remember me .
. .

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Obi-Wan, I know that you can't hear me now, but I will speak to you  
anyway, because I know you can feel me near. Sometimes when I watch  
you sleeping--as you moan, tangled in your sheets with you  
sweat-drenched hair matted to your head--you wake abruptly, glancing  
around furtively. I know that you expect to see me near you, watching  
over you.

But I cannot reveal myself to you, Obi-Wan, as much as I would like  
to. Just know that I am one with the Force, and that I will always be  
with you.

There is much to say, my Padawan. I know that you are a full Jedi  
now, but you are still my Padawan. I guess the same way a son is  
always a little boy to his mother or father. I smile at the thought  
as I watch you drift back to sleep.

I send comforting thoughts to you, hoping that you will sleep more  
easily. And as I do so, I regret not having said the things I wanted  
to say. Our last few weeks together, we did not agree on many things.  
I know that we reconciled at the end, Obi-Wan, but now, it doesn't  
seem satisfying enough. It upset you greatly that a spoke of the boy  
with my dying breath, while you held me in your arms.

If there had been more time, I would have told you how much you meant  
to me as I reached up to touch the tears on your cheek--that I loved  
you like a son. That I was happy that it had been me and not you. I

would have told you how proud I am of you. You are a good person, and you have been a good friend. I meant what I said on Naboo, before the battle. I know that you will be a great Jedi some day.

But you must understand that I spoke of the boy because of his importance to the future. I had to make sure that you would train him. I know that you are ready, Obi-Wan.

Also, I need to tell you that much pain and suffering is in your future. There will be times that you doubt me and my faith in you. You might even hate me for making you promise to train Anakin, or maybe you will hate yourself. I'm not certain. What I am certain of is that nothing happens by chance.

When you're hurting; when you're in doubt, just remember my words, Obi-Wan. Everything happens for a reason, even though you might not understand what that reason is. I can no longer guide you in your actions, or give you advice, and even now the future is unclear to me, but I know you will do the right thing.

My time here is short and I must leave here soon. I linger, just wanting to stay by your side. I've watched you before, with Anakin, and at my funeral. When the others had parted, you stayed behind. I watched as you kneeled by my ashes, your head bowed, the tears streaming down your face. You were uncertain, as you are uncertain now. With a trembling hand, you reached out and touched my ashes. My heart went out to you then. I lost track of the amount of time you stayed with my ashes. You said nothing. You simply kneeled, but I could feel the turmult inside you--the raging emotions. In your hand, you held the small stone I gave to you on your thirteenth birthday. I know that you have kept it with you since the duel that resulted in my death.

After many hours had passes, Master Yoda had been the one to pull you away from my remains. You went to Anakin then, concentrating all your efforts on comforting and caring for the boy. I know that you will not let him see your distress and heartbreak. You have been very unselfish, my Obi-Wan, and I thank you for that, my noble and strong Padawan.

I know you mourn for me and my passing. I know you miss me, as I miss you, my son, but we will one day meet again.

Goodbye, Obi-Wan. Please know that I have always loved you, and please remember me always, my son.

End  
file.